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# The Escape



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## Chapter 1 by Brooke

I yank the steering wheel crazily to the left, trying to avoid the edge of the monstrous cliff that could very well be the end. Dust flies everywhere as I spin wildy, then come to a stop. Four heavily armed vehicles pull up and surround my truck, every weapon trained on me. There's no point in fighting so I slowly open up the door and jump out with my hands up. Seeing my surrender, three guys get out of the jeeps and walk over to me with scary looking rifles. One of them holds my arms behind my back and cuffs them. As he pushes me forward I can hear doors opening and know they are searching my truck. I'm shoved into the back of the jeep, right behind the driver. The guy who cuffed me signals the driver and he starts down the mountain with my stolen truck close behind. We start down the narrow road and I get an idea, a crazy idea.

"Can you take these off?" I ask looking at man sitting next to me.

He chuckles coldly, but doesn't answer me any other way.

"It's not like she's going anywhere." Says the guy riding shotgun.

If only that were true. The other guy huffs and frees my arms. I rub my wrists and when he looks away, I make my move.

I lunge forward unexpectedly and grab the steering wheel. I wrench it to the right and the jeep

flies off the edge. Metal screeches against rock and my last thought before I am knocked unconscious is "cars really can fly."

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